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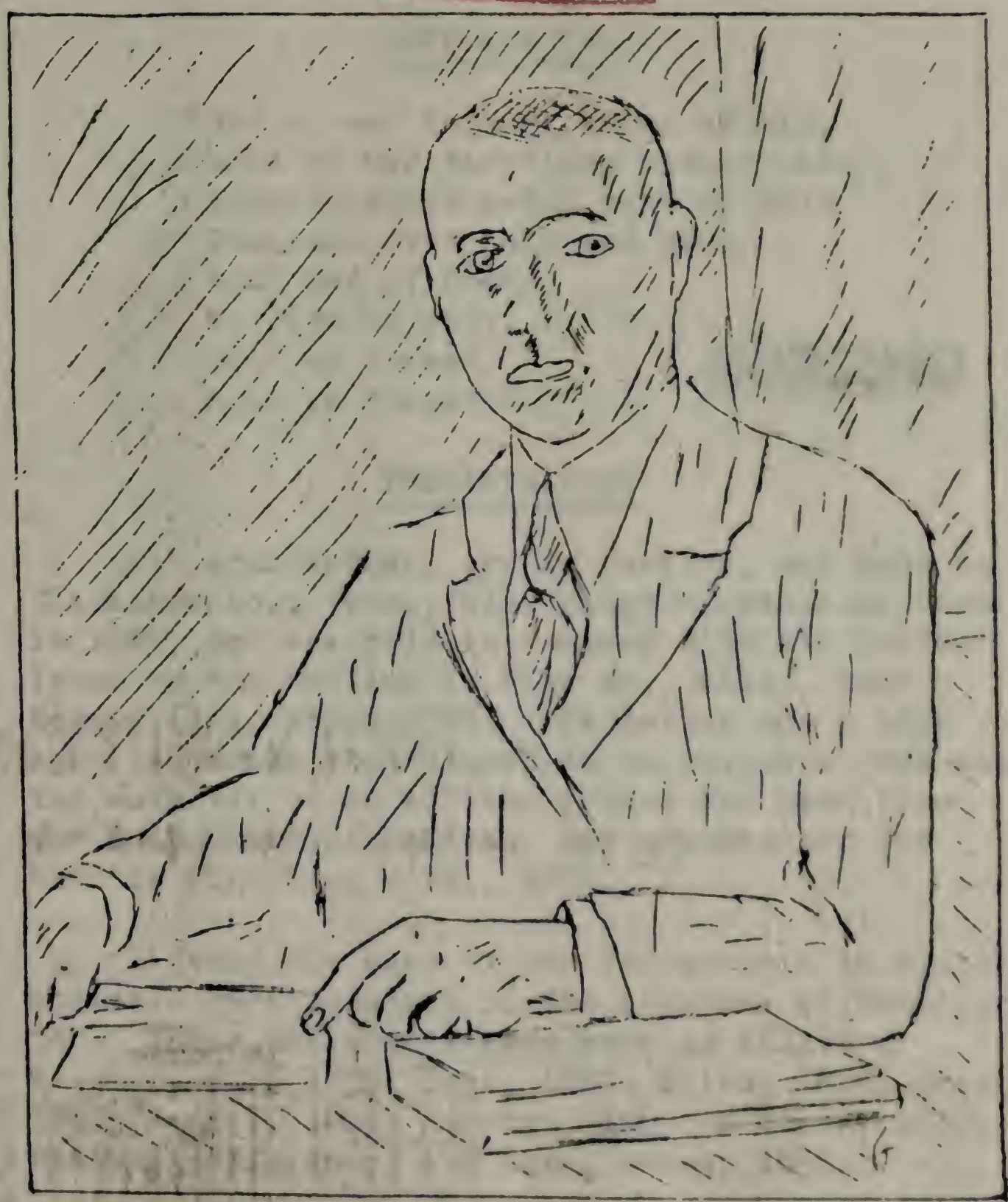
A Genealogy of
THE PERKINS FAMILY



Identification of drawing,
A. E. Perkins, LL. D.

The Lord shall raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thy brethren.

Deut. 13:15

Dedicated to Mother, born January 1, 1851.

By: A. E. Perkins, A. B., A. M., LL. D.

New Orleans, La. January 1, 1944.

Price 50¢

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SUPPLICATION

"God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts,
Be with us yet;
Lest we forget,
Lest we forget!"

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PRELIMINARIES

Our grandfather, Archie Perkins, was born in Claiborne Co., Tenn., Blue Ridge Mountain section in 1805, and was sold in company with his brother Isham to the Gatlins in Pike Co., Miss., near Holmesville, about 1828. His mother was a high spirited woman who refused to be whipped. She was the daughter of an African prince and came from the Gold Coast of Africa. Our grandmother was born in Pike Co., Miss., 1813.

I found the ages of our foreparents by running across a rare document in the archives at Washington. Their children's ages were as follows: Soloman, born 1830; Rose, 1833; Eliza, 1835; Green, 1840; Rachel, 1843; Harriet, 1845; Madison, 1847; Phoebe, 1851; Nancy and Lucy, twins, 1853.

The children were to be, and some were already, parcelled out as follows: Soloman, to Zebulon Gatlin; Rose, to Elizabeth Gatlin Germany; Eliza, to Mary Gatlin Anderson; Green, reserved by Col. James Gatlin, father; Rachel to Zebulon; Harriet to John; Madison to Tom; Phoebe to Ebenezer, for whom mother named me in part; Aunt Nancy and Aunt Lucy had not been disposed of.

Of grandmother's history I learned little. She had, however, several brothers, one named Wiley, who moved to Texas and was said to have become very

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wealthy. She was a mixture of about three-fourths Negro, one-eighth Indian, and one-eighth White. Her intelligence is shown by her being chosen cook for the Gatlin family. I recall that she was a woman of high spirits, and when she spoke to us children, she meant "business."

HOW WE CAME TO BE "PERKINS"

When slaves were emancipated they were not bound to assume the names of their masters. Grandfather elected the name of his former master, in Tennessee, "Perkins".

Let us note that when General Banks took Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, that our Uncle Soloman fell mortally wounded on that famous battlefield. He had run away and joined the Federal Army to battle for the freedom of his people. He very certainly, or probably, changed his name, for the records at Washington do not carry him as falling at Port Hudson. But we know that he was with that Army and learned that he fell mortally wounded on that fatal day.

GRANDFATHER'S BRILLIANCE

Grandfather had a most brilliant mind, and a memory marvelous. Called upon for information about a wedding that had occurred some thirty-five years previous, he gave details, reciting the Scripture, ceremony, prayer, and repeating generally all that was publicly said at the feast. In fact Grandfather was said to be unable to forget anything he had ever heard or seen.

He was a born orator. His voice was deep and rich, and when employed in a speech it was said to have sounded like a great organ at play. Called upon one night by his young masters to speak, he soon engaged their serious attention. "Use your good offices, my young masters, to free the slaves.

God wants you to do this. "A deep solemnity came over them as the black Cicero cried,

"When shall Jehovah hear our cries,
When shall the Sun of Freedom rise,
When shall we reach the Promised Land,
And be set free from Pharaoh's hand?"

He was called "Squire," because he was employed to marry slaves both on his master's and other masters' plantations.

Both he and grandmother lie buried at Pleasant Grove AME Cemetery in Lincoln Co., Miss. Side by side they rest, rest from their long years of toil and slavery, rest from cares and vexations. Rest, eternal Rest!

OF OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS

Of Aunt Rose, she was one of God's tenderest plants. Her love for her people was beautiful. When a boy I spent a night or two with my cousins, her daughters, Dosia and Belle. On New Year's eve night I was sleeping soundly when I felt her tender hands tucking the cover under my feet. "Bud, are you cold?" she so softly and sweetly inquired. I was not cold at all. But I have thought over that act of tenderness so many times through the years! She lies buried in Brookhaven, Miss.; but I think if any soul ever walked this earth with God, or rests in his bosom, it was Rose Buckner.

I did not have much opportunity to see much of Aunt Eliza, I did, however, spend a night at her home in Franklin County near Rose Hill church. She was about to face eternity. She endured the pains and sufferings of approaching death with a courage and heroism that would have been an honor to a Roman. I was told that she could ride a wild mustang pony with the audacity of a Texas cow boy. She rests near Rose Hill Baptist Church of which she

was a member.

Of our Uncle Green I knew and saw much. He was an enterprising man. Slave as he had been, he had sufficient initiative and enterprise to purchase himself a farm. Everybody said, "If Green's crop failed everybody else's failed."

He was a witty and interesting man, and he doubtless inherited much of grandfather's ability. He could play an accordian with amazing skill. One of his favorite reels was:

"O Lordy, Miss Susianna,
Don't you grieve for me,
I'm just from Alabama
With a banjo on my knee."

I did so much love to hear him play that sweet little religious ditty:

"We'll see him again,
We'll see him again,
In that Resurrection Morning
We'll see him again!"

He was the longest liver of the family, dying at the grand old age of 87. He rests aith the larger number of our foreparents, at Pleasant Grove.

Aunt Rachel who resided at Summit, was also an enterprising person. She and Uncle Nathan, her husband, owned a neat little home in Summit. When a sixteen year old boy I ran away from home in search of an educational opportunity, but I was convinced that that was not the way to an education, after having visited Jackson and New Orleans. She advised Mother not to quarrel, "For sometimes they are seeking higher things when they act that way," she said. The doctors said her heart literally burst when she died. She had grieved much about the death of one of her boys. She lies buried at Summit near Aunt

Nancy of whom we shall speak later.

Of Aunt Harriet I also knew much. She was a most deeply religious woman. She shouted at home and in the fields, as well as in the church. Her first husband was not a religious man at all, and his worldly, and sometimes severe ways, did much perhaps to turn her to religion for comfort. Her second husband, Jack wells, proved to be a good mate, religious and deeply pious.

I heard her relate a rather amusing incident of her early married life. Because of the hardness of her husband and the severity of her master she decided to commit suicide. Climbing to the middle of a limb she calmly surveyed the surroundings, gave a long sigh and breathed a prayer, then leaped. Fortunately the limb gave way, but yet left her suspended in the air for a moment, by the rope she had employed. She said she died a thousand deaths in that moment of suspension in the air. She literally climbed back up the tree and released herself. She preferred natural death she said. She too, rests in the Cemetery of the little AME Church, Pleasant Grove.

If I though there was no heaven for Aunt Harriet, I should lose all hope of Eternity.

Uncle Mat, as he was familiarly called by us, (for Madison) had much of the genius of our grandfather. A man of powerful physique, he made an impression upon any one he met. His big nose, head, mouth and forehead, hands and feet, were the orator's. And when speaking his eyes became like stars lighted up. You felt the irresistable force of his genius as words came in successive periods. Never pausing for a thought, his great, musical voice when pitched to its best sounded like some great organ at play. I have heard some of the best orators of the race in America,- bishops, lawyers, great leaders, but I have never heard Uncle Mat's superior in natural eloquence and powers of speech.

While in attendance on the AME Zion Conference at McComb, he spoke in my school. Miss Martha Vaughn, a teacher in my school, heard him speak. She asked me, "Was that the bishop?" Well might she have though so, for I have heard few bishops that could equal him in power of speech.

He was the founder of the Perkins' Family Re-Union, which has met in sundry places since June, 1909, on the Saturday after the second Sunday of the same month. Its present permanent meeting place is at Sam Perkins', a grand-son of his residing eight miles North West of Summit, Lincoln County.

His inaugural address, or first message, was substantially as follows:

"My Kinsmen and Friends: You have met here under unusual circumstances. Here are assembled around me the heirs of Archie and Maria Perkins with their friends. We meet to reaffirm our faith in each other, in the community in which we live, and in God. Open your meeting in this re-union with prayer; read the Scriptures. Be good Christians and law abiding citizens, and men shall verily <u>rise up</u> and <u>call you blessed</u>."

He was a trustee of the public school with my father for over forty years. He was a class leader and steward in the church and a general advisor to the pastors who came and went.

"And when he fell, he fell with a great shout,
Like some mighty oak in the forest,
And left a lonesome place against the sky."

Phoebe, Mother! The name means Biblically, "the shining one." Mother was a woman of extraordinary self-control, almost unemotional. I never saw Mother cry a half dozen times in my life. She cried when William Smith died; when Pleasant Grove Church burned down, and at my grand-mother's funeral.

I might have seen her cry two or three other times.

I have in my files a letter written by Mother. Although a slave, she picked this knowledge up after her freedom under the tutorage of my father. Incidentally, my father was a born leader. A quiet man, generous to a fault, kindly, a sort of Good Samaritan. I have seen him in council with the white men and master of the situation. They respected and admired his wisdom and leadership. The public school which he founded and which now after sixty years bears his name, he was also its first teacher, Teacher and principal of the school, he gave it inspiration and speed. He was elected Republican judge of his precinct for two successive terms, about 1872. (I did not live with my father).

My mother had many of the intellectual traits of my grandfather. She was witty and humorous, When old man Dave Griffin complained to her about her hogs rooting up his peanuts and eating the patch up, she replied, "O go ahead, brother Griffin! I'll pay you the damage and throw you in a hog for your Christmas gift." She managed to satisfy "Uncle" Dave, and they remained good friends till the day of his death.

When I had, after many years of struggle, finished my college course, she calmly said to me "O Bud, I am so proud of you, my boy! You make me so happy!"

I never had full opportunity to do for her what I much desired to do. Although I helped to buy and build her a little home. But she was so appreciative of me.I I erected a tombstone at her grave that those who happen to pause there shall know of her noble sacrifice for us.

In that all-sweeping promise "that whosoever shall put his trust in Me shall surely live," I believe Mother was included. Then death shall not be to me that "Lonesome Valley," but rather that "Beautiful Way," where friends and loved ones walk

beside me. Mother in Heaven, if my heart now swells and tears start, it is because I yet love you, love you as I did long, long ago! Rest in thy well earned peace, free from those secret tears you shed for me, for those anxious hours you prayed for me, those troubled nights you dreamed of me, for when you took the bread from your own hungry mouth to feed me, to hush my hunger cry, even then God watched over you as angels stood guard. Rest in paece, sweet, unending, loving, eternal peace! Mother, O my darling mother!

As I pay this tender eulogy to my mother, I am not unaware that other boys had sweet mothers. Aunt Nancy Smith was such a mother to her children and relatives, as well. Perhaps she loved me much because of the closeness between her little William and myself. She would measure us, stand us up side by side, and then smile. Perhaps she was looking into the mirage of the future. Fortunately, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate." She was spared a few days of seeing the dark curtain come down upon that boy who was her heart. When she died they wired me at Biloxi to come, and my wife, then lately Miss Julia Ligon Hutchins, and I stood by her body and witnessed the last sad rites.

She lies buried in Summit Colored Cemetery, not far from the body of Aunt Rachel. Moses Smith who proceeded her by a year or two, was one of the kindest men I ever knew. Hard-working, deeply devoted to his family, he was ready to lay himself down for them at all times.

Of Aunt Lucy I knew but little, I remember that she came to visit us from the Yazoo Bottoms. She gave me some candy and a little sheep for my Christmas present. She died when not over thirty. A great flood, camping for months in a gin house, broke down her robust body and she fell to the dreaded malaria that always follows such a catastrophe.

SOME INSTANCES OF FAMILY SUCCESS AND PROMISE

Uncle Green owned his farm; Aunt Rose and Aunt Rachel owned their homes in their respective towns. Of the second generation, Sam Perkins, Uncle Mat's grandson, owns a nice farm near Summit, Miss. Van Perkins, another grandson, owns his home, is railway mail man and resides in Paducah, Ky. Willie Richardson became a mail clerk and resides somewhere in the State of California. Attorney J. E. Perkins, my brother, owns his home in Baton Rouge. It sits on a commanding site and is valuable. A. E. Perkins has a beautiful home and it sits upon a commanding street in New Orleans. Mrs. Myrtis Ross, Summit, Aunt Nancy's granddaughter, owns her home in Summit. As to education, J. E. Perkins is the only lawyer in the family. A. E. Perkins is Bachelor of Arts from Alcorn College; Master of Arts from New Orleans University, studied at Harvard, and holds the degree of Doctor of Laws from Wilberforce University. There are no known preachers in the family. Showing promise are: Clementine Eleanor Smith, a student at Kentwood Training School; Martha Lee Mixon, an honor student in McComb City High School; Hilda Franklin Crossley, of Hoffman School, New Orleans; and Imogene Smith, studying nursing in Chicago. Eugene Perkins my brother owns his farm in Tangipahoa Parish, La. Of A. E. Perkins more will be said later. Juanita Jacobs resides in the home owned by her mother, Warnie. My sister Emma owned her home. William Perkins is now building a home for himself in Summit. John Earl Perkins and Huel, brothers, and sons of my brother, J. E. Perkins, are both candidates for graduation at Southern University. They are now both petty officers serving in the armed forces.

William Smith's brother Dinky stood by my mother when I was struggling through college, frequently giving her baskets of groceries and evincing other kindred interests. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, that ye may find it after many days." If I have gathered a little bread from kindly hands, may I

also scatter much bread to deserving ones.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM

To some men certain events stand out significantly and impressively in their lives. William was more than a cousin to me; he was bound up and a part of my very life. We sat in school side by side with never a quarrel. Together we chased the red bird to her nest and watched the little minnows gambol in the pool. Before our subtle tread the bob-bed tail rabbits and the angry adder sped away to their hiding places. Thus were we learning the ways of Nature and of God. Poor, yet with hearts leaping with childish joys, we know not a single vexing care.

But how suddenly may the bright sunshine become black shadows; noon become midnight. We hurried to his bedside for we were told that a mad fever was rushing through his brain. When Mother and I reached his bedside all was hushed save the momentary wails of his mother. Dead! Dead! I momentarily for some unknown reason withhold my outburst. But as the surges of grief swept over my little heart I was unable to further restrain myself. I wept aloud being restrained and comforted by others who perhaps felt that they had to bear up in such a fearful crisis.

Words fail to describe the scene of the burial. As his little body was borne through the rough piney woods road, the community stood along the way with uncovered heads. As we laid his little body down in the dark earth, Aunt Nancy's grief was heart-rending. As she all but fell across the little mound of earth which held the last of his earthly being, the earth seemed to be giving away under me. Agony! Despair! Black Night! Living, I walked verily through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

When after many years I returned home from my graduation in company with friends we visited the

Pleasant Grove Cemetary. I stood again at his graveside after a long absence from the community. I stole away from the gay crowd and wept again, not so violently as I had on that fatal day long years since, but the tears flowed down my checks unbidden. May God permit to bud forth in some young life of the family another William.

THE LARGER STORY OF MY LIFE.

Many of my relatives who read this may not have ever seen me. I shall need here to talk more particularly of myself, a difficult task to perform with becoming modesty.

I was born in a tiny log house in Amite Co., where it joins Franklin and Lincoln counties. I suppose the event created no furor in the sleepy little community which moved in hum-drum fashion to the fields, the homes, the churches, the neighbors' houses, to the community store, and occasionally to the town market of Summit some ten miles away, I am sure no doctor attended my coming. Grannies brought most children into the world in that staid old community.

I early began to ponder over some things. I decided, for example that being born in a log house was not necessarily fatal. Many other colored people around me were being thus born, and not a few white people. Abraham Lincoln and Booker T. Washington had been born in such houses.

"Honor and fame from no conditions rise,
Act well your part,
There the honor lies."

EARLY EXPERIENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS

By the time I had reached five I had begun to have a thirst for going to school. It was the most fascinating thing in the world to me to see people

saying something out of books. But seven years of my life had rolled around before I could get into school. The farmers' living was rather haphazard. Nothing was sure but summer, winter, spring, autumn, death, Christmas, Fourth of July and "Protracted Meeting," it seemed to me. The entire community lived on the thin edge of a sparse existence. Land was poor, farmers had little scientific knowledge. The average family income was perhaps not over $150.00 per year, and some had large families, ten and twelve. "Uncle Sam" Test, as we called him, had perhaps twenty children. Aunt Lucinda McGown had some twenty-four. Yet in a way we were happy.

Our schools ran four months a year and always in the summers. All children went barefooted in summer, to school and even to church. I entered at the age of seven, learned my alphabet the first week and was advanced to first reader.

My teacher called me a smart boy and I studied hard to meet her approval. I was not too much a play boy, although I liked some play I shied from baseball and most hazardous games. I shunned dancing, dice-playing, and cards. I was in college before I had ever held a card in my hands.

A GREAT REVIVAL

There was sent a preacher to our church when I was about ten years old named Haywood. There came over the community during a very successful revival that he was running, a sort of "universal conviction". People were falling out in the fields and on the roads; seventy-two people joined the church. I was one of the seventy-two. An amusing incident occurred during the progress of the meeting. A sort of simple fellow named Anthony Butler had joined on the night I joined. But the next night Anthony was back at the altar. The minister said, "Brother Butler, I thought you joined the church last night." Anthony replied, "Yes, I did. But I'm back tonight to make

sure. I want to take no chances."

ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS

". . . wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

After attending public schools for four sessions with some odd months added, I was taken out of school and hired out for wages. This was a custom, and in my case I am sure Mother knew it was necessary. In school I had been called bright, obedient and very promising. Everywhere I went I carried a book or a piece of newspaper. Cousin Alma says "We all played much in going to and from school, but Bud took little part in our play. He was ever in a hurry." I recall that I spelled down everybody in a spelling match where there were some half grown pupils, including some of my half-sisters. When the Superintendent once visited our school I was put out as a sort of show pupil. I answered every question put to me in Hansell's Beginners' History from the beginning to the end of the book.

But out of school now, I was lonely for my books and my teachers. I was now twelve years old. I found myself hired out for wages to one Griffin Terrell. My food was all served to me on a single plate,-bread, beans, fried meat, molasses or what not, and I stood up and ate my meals on a little table in the corner with no chair to sit in, the white family sitting at their meals opposite me. They perhaps did not think that this was wrong. It was a transmission from slavery, and many white people felt that slavery of black people was right. When I visited the Terrells after my graduation years after, they were glad to see me and treated me most royally.

Fannie Barrett, George Morey, William Holmes, John Carroll, Ida Butler, and Wm. Austin, had been my teachers. Fine men and women, they gave me much inspiration. Following my school experiences there

were a few years of stumbling, blundering, mistakes, fallings, darkness and night. I wandered far afield, sinned and was an outcast from God. I wept and longed for the peace that can come only to one who has made peace with himself. And now, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in within me?"

GOD WORKING IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

One day while I was ploughing along in the field I knelt down and talked with God, I promised Him that if he would show me the way to an education, I would repay the debt by assisting the boys and girls of my race. That peace which the Christians say, "Passeth all understanding," was then mine. I was assured; I was victorious; I was on my way!

I was poor and without means, but proud, and I looked with unshaken faith in the coming of my day. One Harrison Butler, a white man, for whom I was working, took me aside from the other hands one day and said, "You are not like those other colored people here, Eb, I want you to go to college. "I replied, "Thank you, Mr. Butler, but where shall I get the money?" "There will be a way," he replied. When he settled with me he paid me just twice the money that was due me. I asked him had he not paid me too much, and he replied, "That's all right." The sum was, as I remember, now, about $36.00.

By chance I met Prof. Casper B. Caston who had just finished from Alcorn College. He advised me to go there. When I reached the college, I found Pres. E. H. Triplett prostrate, having been shot by a would-be assassin. Sick as he was, he assured me that I would get every possible assistance. He soon gave me a job to help in my schooling. Dr. J. M. May, who afterwards became my brother-in-law; Prof. Dan W. Garey, and one George Hunter, uncle of G. W. Richmond whom it was my privilege to bring to New Orleans as a teacher, were all very king to me.

At Alcorn I began to learn something of whatever inward powers of speech I had. I became known as the "Orator from Amite." I confess that I liked to speak and gave much attention to the subject. I had been very greatly encouraged in speaking before I went to Alcorn by one Rev. O. A. Douglass, our presiding elder. At a Sunday School Convention held at Bethel in Amite Co., he suddenly rose and said: "There is a boy over there who promises much to the race, Look at his big nose and his big oratorical lips, how they protrude out. Listen to his musical voice and the charm of his speech. The world will most certainly hear from him one day".

This encouraged me very much and I was resolved to rise in the world and be of some consequence.

I graduated B.S., as an honor studen at Alcorn in 1906. I taught at Bear Town in Pike Co., and founded the present school there, the high school of which Prof. E. Ford Caston is now principal, and from New Hope in South Amite Co. in 1906 I was recommended for the principalship of Biloxi public school. It had been the good deed of one Prof. P. S. Bowles who had been an assistant professor in English at Alcorn who set my feet in a definite path, endorsed me for the principalship at Biloxi and otherwise gave me much sound advice and encouragement. My work there proved to be a success. I made many friends there who will live in memory till my latest day.

CALLED TO MY ALMA MATER

In 1911 I was called to my Alma Mater to serve in the chair of biology. There I met and made a host of friends both professors and students. Among my genuine friends were Prof. F. J. Norwood, now principal of the Gloster public school, a man of fine intellect and a financial genius; Dr. R. A. Gordon, who had been in previous years my school-mate, a kindly and true friend; Dr. A. D. Snodgrass, whom I learned

to love as a brother; Prof. and finally Pres. L. J. Rowan, whom I had not early known, but for whom I gained great regard for his veracity, courtesy, and fine parts. I met also my good and faithful friend and professor, P. S. Bowles. I was impressed by the promise and parts of many students I had the pleasure of instructing. Among them were George W. Lee, G. W. Richmond, Luther T. Brazil, C. H. Hill, W. H. Jones, and the two Patton sisters, Xzolena and Zenobia.

One of the greatest pleasures of my college career was the many friends I made and yet hold. Among them were S. L. McLaurin, now attorney at-law, Washington, D. C., and who accompanied me to the White House to see Pres. Roosevelt; J. E. Taylor, now supervisor of State Schools in Oklahoma; J. H. Mc Millen, now principal of the Jonestown public school, Bolivar Co. Miss., and many others. I must not fail to mention Dr. J. M. May, who became my brother-in-law; Prof. Dan W. Gary, who gave me substantial aid; and others of their circle, O. W. Dillon and A, M. Strange both able men, who were among my early friends, must be mentioned.

After holding the professorship at Alcorn for seven years, I resigned to accept a larger opportunity, a supervising principalship in New Orleans. In 1932, in company with Hon. S. L. Mc.Laurin, I presented a gift of good will to Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt the White House. In 1932 I organized and became the first President of the New Orleans Colored Principals' Association, and had been elected president of the State Teachers Association, but resigned because of confusion in the body.

In 1941 I addressed the Mississippi Colored State Teachers' Association at the call of Mrs. Lillian Ambrose Rogers, then president of the body. It was a great opportunity and I fully appreciated it. I spoke from the subject, Modern Social Problems. I immediately received pressing

invitations to speak at several places, among them to deliver the Commencement Addresses at Cambell College, Mound Bayou High School, and Teupelo High School, all of which I accepted and was received with marked courtesy and enthusiasm. In 1934 I was urged by my many friends to offer for the presidency of Alcorn College, which I did. Many favorable letters, telegrams and intercessions from friends, legislators, ex-governors, and congressmen were offered in my behalf, and I was among the few of more than fifty who applied that were invited by the governor to be present at a pre-election meeting. I was much gratified at the showing made.

AT HARVARD

I spent the summer of 1913 studying at Harvard University. I stood at the foot of Bunker Hill about which I declaimed as a boy, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," Ivisited Lexington where eight "Minute Men" were shot down by the British, and saw their graves, all in one. I saw the Old Hancock House where Sam'l Adams and John Hancock slept the night before the British attacked the little town and marched on to Concord where they met fierce resistance by the armed "Minute Men." I stood upon the bank of the Concord River where the first real deadly attack occurred in the American Revolution. Carved upon a monument are the immortal words of Emmerson, as follows:

"By the rude bridge that marked the flood,
There flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

I saw the graves of Longfellow, Emmerson, Benjamin Franklin's father, and scores of other noted Americans. In Cambridge I stood where Washington took charge of the American Army and saw the scion of the elm tree under which he took the oath of Commander.

AT THE BIRTH-PLACES, HOMES AND GRAVES OF THE GREAT.

In 1916 Mrs. Perkins and I visited Washington, D. C., and were the guests of Attorney and Mrs. S. L. Mc Laurin. We were conducted through the White House. Time forbids telling of the many rich and interesting relics there.

We visited the spot where Lincoln was assassinated by the misguided rebel, John Wilkes Booth, in the Old Ford Theatre; saw the bed upon which he died in the Peterson House nearby, now a shrine.

Across the Potomac River we visited the house in which Fredrick Douglass died. We visited Alexandria and saw the old church there which Washington used to worship in. It is an Episcopal Church after Washington's faith. At Mt. Vernon where he lived and died, we saw the bed upon which he died, the grave in which he was buried. He and his wife Martha, both lie in open tombs and one may see the gray stone coffins in which their dust rests.

In 1932 we motored to Chicago via St. Louis and stopped in Alton, Ill., and saw the spot upon which the revered Elijha P. Lovejoy fell mortally wounded a martyr to the cause of Negro emancipation.

Motoring onward we came to Springfield, Ill,. We saw the house in which Lincoln lived when he was elected President. Springfield holds his body also. The Lincoln Mausoleum is the finest piece of extended sculptuary in America, and one of the magnificent world shrines of the dead.

The crypt that holds his body is made of dark marble holding the bare words, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Many of the personal belongings of the distinguished man may be seen, the boots he wore, the suit he wore when he fell assassinated by Booth, his "ten gallon" stove pipe hat, many letters in his own hand-writing,

and the original copy of his immortal Gettysburg Address.

In 1934 I resolved to see the spot upon which Lincoln was born. Motoring through Southern Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, I had the opportunity to see many very interesting spots. I saw Jamestown, Va., where in 1619, the first twenty slaves arrived in America. I saw the old church where the colonists worshipped and many of their graves within the base of the church. Motoring via Williamsburg, Va., we saw the old Colonial Assembly House where Henry and Otis stirred the colonists to action. The seats the Assemblymen occupied with a replica of the old building may be seen. There we saw also the oldest college in America, William and Mary's College. In Richmond we saw the old confederate Capitol where Jeff Davis presided and left hastily because of being hard pressed by the Union Armies; Spent the night at the residence of Pres. James H. Gandy, president of the Virginia State College at Petersburg, and the next morning paused to see the grave of Thomas Jefferson and Monticello his mansion.

Here I had an opportunity to study and see the greatness of Jefferson. There were the tiny gig he drove when he sped to Philadelphia to write the Declaration of Independence and his correspondence with many wise and great men of the world. Although by circumstances a slave owner he was against slavery and declared that one day of the fearful curse was worse than a thousand years his fellow colonists rose up and overthrew. I wish I had space here to say more about that oracle of human freedom and democracy. But I must hasten on.

Passing over the mighty ridges of the Alleghany Mountains we reached Charleston West Virginia, where we spent a night at West Virginia, State College; then on to Hodginville, Ky., birthplace of the immortal American Lincoln. Nature could not have selected a

more destitute place for a great prophet to have been born in. But here nature is severe, rugged and resistless. A highway has been built to the isolated spot and tourists may comfortably motor there. You pass by jutting hills and devious streams that make their way to no where it would seem. Knob Creek, for example where Lincoln moved to, is located in a dreary spot. The stream moves down in lazy fashion. The steeps rise up on either side like ghosts. The forest around is stunted and clings to the stony earth as in desperate search for food. A little further down the lazy stream, we turn and gradually ascend what is nearly a mountain. On the stony eminence of a sparsely wooded track your attention is arrested by a giant stone building sitting so odd in such a surrounding. You will leave your car down the way at the foot of the eminence, for you cannot ascend it in a vehicle. Within the stone building is enclosed the one-room windlowless hut in which the prophet of Negro Emancipation was born. It is a floorless, cheerless looking scene, yet no less humble than that in which the Saviour of the world was born. And again, I said, "Honor and fame from no conditions rise, Act well your part; There the honor lies."

From there we sped on to the Mammoth Cave, a vast dreary, watery, strange subterranean vault where God has done exceedingly mysterious things. Fishes without eyes, for they have no need of them. There is eternal, Stygian night and you carry your own candle. A stone dropped into one of its languid pools or aimless streams sounds like the roar of the Niagara. There is no escape or dissipation of the sound. You pay to enter, and of course, you have a guide. You experience a strange, weird feeling, happy to have stood and walked in so strange and wonderful place, happy to see God's sweeping sunlight again, happy that you have seen some of the hidden and gloomy places in which He dwells, felt the touch of His mystic hand.

In 1939 we visited the World's Fair in New York,

amazing thing, gigantic, too big to talk about in this brief sketch. Before reaching New York we stopped in Philadelphia to see two things mainly, the Continental Congress building, America's first historic capital, and the grave of Richard Allen. In the Congress building I saw where Hancock sat as presiding officer of the organizing Congress; saw the building in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

I had wanted since a small Sunday School boy, to see where Richard Allen founded the great African Methodist Episcopal Church. In Mother Bethel which holds his body, I saw some of his writings, some of the proceedings of his board meetings, minutes of his quarterly conferences, the chair in which he sat while presiding, the old pulpit in which he sent up prayers and sermons asking God to give him and his people a church unhampred.

From Philadelphia we journeyed to New York where we spent a fine week in the parsonage of Rev. L. H. King, now bishop in the M. E. Church. Then to Niagra Falls where Mrs. Perkins' sister, Mrs. Gladys Rudolph, resides and where we had much entertainment and many courtesies shown us. We saw the Falls again, visited Buffalo and saw the spot where the martyred Mc Kinley fell.

UNDER THE SPELL OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

As a student at Alcorn I had heard Booker T. Washington speak in Natchez, Miss., but in 1914 I heard him in Louisville at the National Colored teachers' Association. As he moved about on the stage, his eyes lighted with a seeming supernatural power. I could see how he at Atlanta in 1895 spoke himself into immortality. One can only see Booker T. Washington when he sees Tuskeege, however. This colored man who gave the world a new thought, has reared on those granite hills of Alabama a monument

of eternal duration. Booker T. Washington takes his place justly as among the greatest of American men, and one of the world's stars of very first magnitude.

MY LITERARY ACTIVITIES

I have had the honor to speak as alumni guest at Alcorn twice. I contributed a poem to its celebration of its Sixtieth Anniversary, entitled, "Hail to the Comrades," which was received with commendable expressions. I have written the following books and tracts: "Sunday School Plans and Outlines," "Negro Spirituals from the Far South," "The George Washington Bi-Centennial," "A Resume' of Negro Congressmen's Office Holding" and "Dark America" in manuscript. I have contributed magazine articles to Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois' magazine, Phylon, and to Dr. Carter G. Woodson's historic magazines.

A pleasant experience was mine when ex-Governor Henry Clay Warmoth of Louisiana asked me to criticise his manuscript, "War Politics and Reconstruction." One may, if he wishes, see the governor's acknowledgement on page (v) of the book.

A DAY AT WILBERFORCE

I received a good letter from Bishop S. L. Greene tendering me the degree of Doctor of Laws at Wilberforce University, Xenia, Ohio. It is one of the Outstanding educational institutions of the country. Naturally I felt honored and accepted. I had already willed my private library to the institution. In company with Governor John L. Bricker, now candidate for the presidency of the United States; Dr. L. Bishop L. H. King of the M. E. Church, and several others, to be exact, five, took the degree of Doctor of Laws. As I stood up and lifted the tassle of my doctor's cap to the right side, I glanced into the vast audience of over three-thousand from all parts of America and many from foreign countries. I was braced up very much as I saw my wife in the center

smiling up at me. Little Robert joined her and I felt assured. President William Mc Kinley had received his doctor of laws degree there in 1896.

MY MARRIAGE

Many of my own people know but little or nothing of my marriage. I think I owe to them and to her to here make them better acquainted with each other. I met Miss Julia Ligon Hutchins in college. Her brother-in-law, Dr. J. M. May, and a professor of mine, had encouraged me and had prophesied favorably of my career. Our relationship brought Miss Hutchins and me together, I as principal of Biloxi School and she as my first assistant. The friendship already developed, ripened into love and matrimony. In June, 1909, we were married in the mansion of Montrose, a baronial residence of some thirty rooms. The plantation had once had on it under the Hutchins lordship, some forty or fifty families. Although when I became a heart of this distinguished old family, much of the estate had dwindled.

We have worked together and whatever little we have accomplished has been done by cooperation and team work. The Hutchins family from which she descended, was the earliest among the settlers of the State of Mississippi, and her paternal great-grandfather, Col. Anthony Hutchins, was for a number of years virtual governor of the Mississippi Territory.

THE VISIT OF CONGRESSMAN ARTHUR W. MITCHELL

In 1941 Congressman A . W. Mitchell was invited to address the Louisiana State Teachers' Association convening in New Orleans in November. As our house guest, I was on a committee to meet his train when it reached the Terminal Station. He was escorted by a cordon of policemen mounted on black steeds. I rode in the car with the Congressman with three

others. Arriving at our residence, he was introduced to the ladies and gentlemen waiting for breakfast with him. We had breakfast at ten o'clock, and he addressed the Association, some 2000 in number in the Xavier Auditorium at night. His stay in New Orleans and the night spent in our home was an enjoyable one.

Other distinguished guests have been Dr. F. D. Patterson of Tuskegee, president of the noted institution; the Rev. Glenn T. Settle, manager of "Wings over Jordon;" Councilman J. H. Irvin, Phila., Penn., and Pennsylvania State Senator Marshall of Pennsylvania Legislature who made the prayer that opened the convention that nominated Pres. F. D. Roosevelt the first time.

A sketch of my life is carried in "Who Is Who in Colored America", along with other outstanding men and women. The Item employed me to write in 1932 a history of Negro Achievement in New Orleans from 1872 to 1932, for which I received a nice bonus from the publishing house.

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IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

In the summer of 1932, in company with the Joneses we toured Ontario , Canada, touching the Southern portion and then the central sections. Canadians are very industrious and business-like. Every little transaction is conducted in the most exact and correct manner. Their homes are usually not large ones. We motored near the place, Callender, Ont., where the Dionne Quintuplets were later born.

There are not many colored people in the province, Canada, perhaps not over 15,000 to a population of over three and a half million. There is no color discrimination in traveling, nor in general places of public convenience. Canadians are a sturdy, upright law-abiding people.

In Mexico we met a strange people. We had no traveling companions on this trip. We traveled all day through Texas, our train reaching Loreda, just on this side of Rio Grande from Mexico, the second day. After having our belongings examined or visored, we motored over the great Rio Grande Bridge, jointly controlled by Mexico and the United States. Mexicans are divided into two groups, the aristocracy and the peons. These peons are practically in slavery. They are ignorant, poor, and form the laboring classes. There is no separation of the races in Mexico, although marriages between blacks and Mexicans seldom take place; whereas, they marry mulattoes and quadroons readily. Many colored teachers ago going down to the capital of the country and studying in the University of Mexico. Miss Sylvia Labat is now on Sabbatical leave from the New Orleans public school system studying the Latin Languages there. Mexico, however, in the main is as yet an undeveloped country.

PARTIAL TABULATION OF THE PERKINS FAMILY

Soloman might have had children, but there is found no record of it.

Rose had some ten children: Known, Amanda, Maria, Dosia, Bello. Dosia had some eight children, and many grandchildren. Perhaps Rose had 80 heirs.

Eliza had some ten children. Among descendants known are Minda, child; O'Street Jackson, Joseph, another, grandchildren. O' Street's heirs: Ruth and Brother, Ruth, one boy, Lester.

Green and Vashti: Children: Van, Sidney; Dolcia Flowers. Children of Dolcie, Green, Elizabeth, Tommie Oliver, Theresa, Theopilus, Lundy, Baby Burned, Caldonia, Frank, Warren. Caldonia; children, of: 10 in number; total in family some 25. Green by Fannie: Alma, Ella, Sylvester, Mary. Children of Alma; Earnest Gaton. Earnest had three children.

Children of Ella by Simmie Denman; Hollis, Geneva. Children of Ella by Brown: some 8. Children of Green and Julia Turner: Frank, Hattie, Beulah, Kirby, Myrtis, Ina, Fred, Benny. Hattie's heirs: Hazel Spurlock, Berea, J. C., Troy, Junior. Hilda C. Franklin, granchild,. Harvey Williams, grandchild. Caldonia Adams, Dolcie's child: Children as follows: St. Clair, Andrew, Thomas, Ebenezer, Willie, George, Lewis, Alma, Dorothy, Baby. Caldoni has four grandchildren. Probable total of heirs of Green Perkins, 70.

Rachel and Nathan Richards: Children; Green, Hatch, Joe, Srah, Mollie, Lucius, Robert, Willie. Srah's children: Mary Emma, Joe, Steven, Ray, Ellen, Dewey, Robert C. Lena, Ellen's heirs: (Ellen Washington,) Robert, Eugene, Sarah. Heir of Sarah: Thelma, Marie, Carolyn, Youngest child born to the Perkins family; mother, Sarah; child three days old Aug. 15, 1943. Total in Green's family, estimated; 80; in Rachel's estimated, 50.

Madison and Susie: William, Preach, Archie, Ida, Cherry, Emma. Children by Fannie: Eleazer, Ella. Children by Hannah: Eliza. Children of William: Marvin, baby. (Unfortunately, William's large family names were not sent, or were lost.) He has a large family in Summit, and the entire number must consist of some ten children and some fifteen or twenty grandchildren and great grand children.) Following is a partial list: Annie, Mattie, Sommie, Baby girl, Roosevelt, List not complete. Ida and Willie Godbolt: Children of: Lola, Albert, Clara, Willie and Ida Godbolt: Children of: Clara, Rosa, Eddie, Willie, Lucile: Clara Godbolt-Hollis Robinson: Children of: Albert, Allen, Rosa Lee, Jessie, Henry, T. B., Benny, Corene, Emogene, Baby. Eddie Godbolt, children of, Charley, Baby, Children Willie Godbolt, Jr., Willie Kay, Lucile, Baby, Baby, Baby. (Dead.) Frank Godbolt: Children of Eddie, Willie, Clarence Ethel. Rosa Godbolt: Children of: L. C., Robert. Cherry married Camboll:

Willie, Honey, Baby dead, Lillie, Eliza's children, Sam, Frank, Van, and three others Preach Perkins, Children of 3. Madison, Children by Fannie, descendants: Ella, Eleazer. Ella's children by husband, Nathan Crossley: Ella had some ten children and most of them are mothers, fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers in some instances. Children estimated at thirty, all told. Child of Emma, and Quincy Perkins: Children of Quincy, Martha Lee Mixon, Mojeska Richardson. Madison had perhaps some 80 heirs.

Harriet and John Gray: Charity, Harry, Louvenia. Children and heirs of Charity: Butler: husband, James: Lola, Rosa, Harriet, Johny, Wilfred, Green, Elve, Elijah, Harry, Maude, Lillie, Alma. Lola, child, Artills, George, Harriet and Allen Bell. Amos Robert, Green, Lillian Baby. Maude and Albert Rowland: Children, Edward, Elve and Earl Sylvester, one child, Earlvieve. Artiste Washington: 10 children: Louvenia Grey, two children.

Aunt Harrit and Jack Wells: Dosia, Rebecca, and Rachel. Children of Rebecca and Henry Bell: Oscar, Moses, John Henry, Harriet, Willie, James; two others, boys. Rachel and Edward Short: Mirey, Hilery, Ethel, I. C., Daniel. Children of Oscar, son of Hy. Bell, 2 children; Moses, two children; Harriet, in one child; Nirey Short, three children. Aunt Harriet had perhaps 60 children and grandchildren.

Phoebe and her heirs: Ella, Ulyses, Pink, Archie E., Emma, Eunice, John Earl, Eugene. Children of Ulyses and Pauline: Otis, Ben., Joe, Gay, Pearl, Beatrice, Spencer, Pink, Pauline, Berthat, Lee R., Gerod, May'don, Cortish, Dorothy, Clarissa. Children of Pearl; Leanna, Arthur, Sea Belle, Lennie, Adis. Children of Beatrice: Bell, Alen, Roosevelt, Brackly, Gertie, Hillery, Bertha May, Ed. Lawrence, Imogene, May Belle, Bernice. Pearl Perkins, and Madante: Robert, Maddie Lee, Gay, May Alice, Pearl

May, William, Gillie, Lillie, A nnie, Fannie, Baby. Bertha Birod: Mack, Maxine, James Ray, Baby. Pink: 1 child, Wannie, Wannie, 1 child, Christine; Christine; Christine, four children: Bernard, Jacobs, Theo, Roosevelt Jacobs, Ida L. Jacobs, and Emma Bell Jacobs, husband Issacs Jacobs. Children of Emma Perkins Lang, Christine, Anna, Willie Mae. Children of Eunice and E. Lunday; Children of marriage, Daniel, Willena, three others. John Earl Perkins: Married Velma Davis, two children, John Earl, and Huel. Other granchildren and descendants of Phoebe: Belle Bonds, Children Doriis, and six others. Ten grand-children; Herbert Jones, Luther M.

Nancy Smith: Children, William, Pearla, Dinkey, Gussie, Lucy, Wm. J. Carrie,---? Children of Pearla: Myrtis and Lucy.

Children of Myrtis Ross, husband, Jethro. Jethro, Jr., Lillian L. Sarah L., Lawrence V., Sylie, Norma T., Jeannette, Oliver, Ray Russell, Harold L., Thelma J., Heirs of Lillian Ross: Willie Jr. Sarah, children of: J. L., Francis, Sandar Gloria, Fay, Baby, Welborn, Cecelia, Jack. Husband and father's name: Williams. Dink Smith, First marriage, Louise Johnson: Children of: Valma, Willis, Beaulah, Hazel, Gilliam, Carrie, Mary, Ollie, Jaunita. Dink's Second marriage, to Minnie Carter. Children of this marriage; Children of: Doris, Minnie T., Imogene, Clementin Clementine Eleanor. Doris Children: Norman H. Hughes, Perry William Hughes, Children of Lillie, Spears: Mildred, Virginia, Betty Jene, Thelma, Boby, Eugene, Lydia K. Eugene. Beaulah's children: James J. Gillieum, Olie Smith's heirs: Hillery J. Johnson, Patricia Ann Johnson. The total number of Aunt Nancy heirs was about 90.

Children of Aunt Lucy and heirs: Two surviving girls, and boy named Ellis. (Correction: one surviving girl.) Three children of Aunt Lucy born in Yazoo Bottoms. Resided once about Vicksburg. Of Dorah Crossley and Wallie's heirs, I have no correct

knowledge. They moved to the Arkansas Bottoms where Dorah died the mother of some ten children. There are perhaps not less than forty heirs of this marriage. Walter yet lives, I understand. Gertrude and Erasmus Marsellies; Heirs of: Frank, Ephraim, Angel, Lucy, Curby, Daisy, Fred., Eddie, Bucker, Orres, Ruth, Fulton, Ruby, Rose Belle. Children of Ruth: Allens, Jacob, Willie, Ada, Addie. Children of Daisy: Louis Bryant, Fute Bryant, Edward and Adline; Children of Fulton, Hayward, Joel. Children of Frank: Frank, Alton, Gertie, Emmaline. Children of James: L. V., Lee Edward, Freddie, Inez, Sarah, Francie, Lillie Mae, Hilda, Bobbie Gene.

AU REVOIR

Thus the reader has a perspective of the entire Perkins Family History.

Again, let brotherly love continue among you. Ten-thousand cords of love and devotion coming up from the living and the dead all over this broad land, heirs of two great slaves, Archie and Maria Perkins, speak to you today to tell you to carry on the Great Family Union that Madison founded out of the depths of his love, wisdom and foresight.

Most of you are gifted with good minds. Strive to educate your children, save your money and put it to good use. I want to see more professional men come up out of the family, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and even great business men and women. Get a purpose in mind early in life. Die or accomplish that purpose. It takes grit, courage, patience, firmness, long foresight, and self-denial to succeed in the world. Seldom does it happen that some one selects you out to help you along in life, save your mothers and your fathers. If that person does enter your life, never falter or prove untrue to him or her. Hand your family history down to your children and your children's children and <u>be proud of your family history</u>.

A copy of this history, as incomplete as it is, will be found in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. Go to the Library when in Washington some day, forty years or more from now, and you will find it.

From hundreds of graves where our dead sleep and where many have long slept, comes this whisper to you:

"We are the Dead! Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn saw sunset's glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' Field!

"Take up our cause as, you go;
To you (the young) from failing hand we throw
The torch; be it yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep;
Though Poppies grow in Flanders' Field,
We shall not sleep,
We shall not sleep!"

A. E. Perkins.